ABILENE REFLECTOR

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

STROTHER BROS.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Only one year ago and we stood, as just parting,
With an old year grown gray, while a new year, just starting
On its soft baby wings, with its arms full of treasures,
Seemed to promise, anew, all the vanished year's pleasures.

We have danced on its hillsides, have mourned in its valleys;
Been glad, or been sad; brightly hopeful, or careless;
Have drank of its fulness; have breathed of its flowers;
Have gathered; have garnered; have joyed through its hours;

Till a stroke of the bell
Bids it endless farewell!

Still old Time does not stop, and the world keeps on moving;
And who lags may get left, in an age that's improving;
So we may not look back with regrets or repining,
But must burnish our armor, and keep our lamps shining!
Press onward, press onward, still hopeful, still steady!
Be our hearts ever warm and our hands ever ready!

Seal the stroke of the bell
With the cry: "All is well!"

—*Youths' Companion.*

TWO UNEXPECTED NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

"Pears to me if I had some of 'em, 'pears to me I'd git well right away," said Tony in a fretful voice. "Don't you 'member 'em, Sabie?"

"Yes, I 'member 'em good," replied Sabie, fanning the sick boy with an old straw fan she had picked up somewhere. And then she went on to say the same thing she had said a hundred times or more before when asked the same question.

"They wuz a-growin' 'longside that place they called 'wood,' though it didn't look much like wood to me—oh, sich lots of 'em—red as your flanning shirt, Tony, an' a-kinder a-hidin' under their greens. An' the man wot wuz a-cuttin' a tree says: 'Eat away, young 'uns, they's free.' An' us eat away an' away, an' oh, they wuz puflickly 'licious. An' there wuz jes' as many wen us stopped a-eatin' as wen us beginned. They wuzn't a bit like the strawberries they gives me to the markit sometimes wen they can't sell 'em. Them's smashed an'— But wot you a-cryin' for, Tony?"

"'Pears to me," sobbed Tony, "if I had some from that werry place I'd git well right away. They wuz *so* 'freshin', Sabie!"

Poor little fellow, with nobody to look after him but Sabie and an old grandmother! And the old grandmother, who had been growing feebler and feebler year by year for many years, could now do nothing but sit in her big rocking-chair and knit coarse stockings and mittens, singing the while, in a sweet, quivering voice, the old-fashioned hymns she had learned in her girlhood.

Sabie sold these stockings and mittens during the cold months from door to door in poor neighborhoods, and on what money was earned in this way the three just managed to live. But in warm weather, had it not been for the kindness of a jolly fat man who kept an eating-saloon near by, they would have often gone hungry. He saved for them the best of the food left by his customers (some of whom, thinking themselves hungrier than they really were, ordered more than they could eat), and often when business had been unusually brisk he added two or three rolls, a handful of crackers, or a yesterday's pie.

A very good girl was Sabie. Not pretty, though she might have been if her face had not been so pale and thin, for she had soft gray eyes with long lashes, and curly brown hair; and not clever, for she did not even know her letters. She was nearly ten, three years older than Tony, and yet she had never been to school a day in her life. Her mother dying, after a long illness, when she was but six years old, the care of her little brother fell almost entirely upon her, Granny then being able to go out with the mittens and stockings herself. But now that Granny had forgotten her way about the streets, and could only see enough to knit, Sabie had to do the selling, the marketing and the house-work, all three. She was a shy child, and made no acquaintances either in the tall tenement-house, in the cellar-basement of which they lived, or abroad, and so, you see, her world was a very small one, containing only Tony and Granny and two or three of the market people.

Tony had been delicate and almost helpless from his birth, but Sabie loved him none the less for that. In fact, I think she loved him more because he was so dependent on her. That's a way girls and women have, as perhaps you know. And when, just after Christmas, he began to cough so badly that he grew so tired he could no longer sit up, her heart ached for him, and all the time she could spare from her work she spent at his bedside trying to amuse and cheer him.

Now the summer before the winter of which I write these two children and their grandmother had been taken by the cook of the eating-saloon to spend the day in the country, where some friends of hers lived. Sabie and Tony had never been in the country before and at first, awed by the silence broken only by the rustling of the leaves, the hum of the insects and the song of the birds, they spoke in whispers; but soon after arriving at the very small cottage of their friend's friends they left Granny and the other older folks to chat and drink tea and wandered off hand in hand together, mocking the birds as they went. They kept straight on through the wood in which the small cottage stood, turning neither to the right nor the left lest they should get lost, until they reached the extreme edge, and there they found a patch—a long patch—of wild strawberries.

"Strawberries a-growin'! strawberries a-growin'!" they shouted, and down went Sabie on her knees before them, an example which Tony soon followed.

"They's littler than market strawberries," said she, "but they's cunnin'er an' "—tasting one—"sugarer. I wonder if us kin take some."

"Kin us, man?" called Tony to a man who was cutting down a dead tree on the other side of the road.

"Can you what?" asked the man.

"Take some of them strawberries?" answered Tony.

"Take away; they're free," was the reply.

And they did take away. They picked and ate until their faces and hands were stained a strawberry red, and only stopped when their friend came to look for them and tell them it was almost time to go home.

That day was like a rainbow set in their dreary life, and though the good-natured cook to whom they owed it had returned soon after to Germany, her native land, they had never ceased to think of her with love and thankfulness, and to remember her in their prayers.

It had been a day in June—that beautiful day—and now it was the last of December, but still its brightness came back to the sick boy, and with it a longing for the sweet red berries that grew on the edge of the old wood.

"'Pears to me, if I had some, this pain in my breast would go away," he moaned. "They wuz so good, Sabie, I kin see 'em now wen I shuts me eyes. Pooty red strawberries. O! if you could on'y git some fur me, Sabie, *dear* Sabie!"

And at last, on New Year's Day, Sabie put on her shabby felt hat and her patched jacket, and said to her grandmother:

"Granny, I'm goin' 'way a little while fur somethin' fur Tony. Take good care of him till I gits back!" And the old woman stopped singing, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy," long enough to say, "Yes, yes, dearie."

Then Sabie took ten cents from behind the clock on the mantel, and a little basket some one had given her from the closet, and kissing Granny and her brother good-by, started off in search of the wild strawberries. It was a bitter cold day, but she drew her jacket tightly about her, and running as fast as she could—she had not forgotten a step of the way they had gone that lovely day—she soon reached the ferry-house, and timidly handed her ten cents to the ticket-seller.

"Where do you want to go?" asked he.

"Apple'ill," said Sabie, meaning Appleville.

"The fare is thirty cents—twenty more. Here are only ten."

The child shrank back, while her eyes filled with tears.

"Stop a moment," said the ticket-seller, seeing the tears. "Why do you want to go to Appleville?"

"To git somethin' fur me poor little sick brother," she answered, with a sob, "an' I haven't another perny. Neither has me gran'mother."

"Well, there's a ticket that'll take you there and back. And now cut along. The boat's just in."

Sabie grasped the ticket, gasped "Thank you, sir," and "cut along" at such a rate that—the boat having yet five minutes to wait before starting—the people already on board and those going on board looked at her in surprise.

In fifteen minutes more she stood in New Jersey, holding her ticket tight in her hand and looking about her in a half-frightened way.

"Apple'ill'—I want to go to Apple-'ill'," she repeated to every one who passed her.

But every one was so intent upon getting somewhere himself or herself that no one noticed her. At last, in sheer desperation, she clutched the silk cloak of a lady who was hurrying by.

"Apple'ill'—oh! Apple'ill'," she said, desperately.

The lady stopped and took the ticket from her cold, red hand. "Appleville," she said; "that's not on my road, but I'll show you your train, child, and the conductor will let you off at the place."

So the lady led her to a train of cars that was waiting for passengers, saw her seated in one of them, and then hurried away again.

And Sabie was no sooner seated than the train, the locomotive of which had been snorting and whistling and screaming for some time, started, and she found herself whirled along at great speed.

But how different everything looked from the time she was whirled over this road before! Then there were green grass and green trees and lovely flowers on every side. Now there was nothing to be seen but snow—snow—snow. The ground was covered with it, the trees and bushes were laden with it. Poor Sabie! she had thought that the snow came only in the city—that the country was always bright and green.

"I wonder if them 'll be under the snow?" she said to herself. "An' me with no shovel to dig 'em out! But I'll try to scoop out a few with me han's anyhow."

In a moment or two more the conductor called "Appleville!"

"That's your place, little girl," said the man who sat next to her, and getting up in haste she stumbled through the car and out on the platform, from which a brakeman lifted her down and placed her on the steps of the station. Sabie climbed these steps as the train flew away, and when she had reached the top one there lay the broad road they had traveled that June day before her. But it, like all the other roads, was covered with snow, with the exception of a narrow pathway made by a snow-plow on one side. But Sabie's stout little heart would not give up.

"Poor Tony!" she said, and began plodding along the pathway.

It grew colder and colder; her ears and feet ached, her hands were numb; but still she toiled on.

"They wuz by the end of this street," she said, and her breath froze on the air as she spoke. "Maybe there's a few left. If there be, I'll git 'em somehow." And on and on she trudged, with all the patience and endurance born of love, until the wood was reached.

But, alas! the spot where the strawberries had grown was one vast heap of snow.

Then, for the first time since she started on her quest, Sabie's heart began to sink. It would do no good to "scoop" there with her hands. Despairingly she looked about her for something with which to dig. The branch of a tree, half-buried in the snow, lay across the path. She tried to pull it from its resting place, but her hands were so cold it slipped from her grasp.

"If I could only git a few—only five or six?" she murmured, as a drowsy feeling came over her: "but I'm so tired and sleepy I can't try any more now;" and down she sank beside the fallen branch and fell into a sleep from which she never would have awakened had not a sleigh, full of merry boys out making New Year's calls, come dashing along that way.

"Hello?" shouted the boy that was driving. "What's that I came near running over?" and he stopped the horse suddenly.

"A bundle of old clothes, I guess," said one of his companions. "Drive on, Sherry, do please. We want to get to Aunt Hannah's by dinner time. Just think of the mince-pie and doughnuts awaiting there, and start along your fiery steed."

But Sherry jumped out instead of driving on. "Look here, boys," said he, bending over Sabie, "it's a poor little girl, almost if not quite frozen to death." And raising her in his arms, he carried her to the sleigh, where the boys, with many exclamations of pity and wonder, soon had her wrapped snugly in the buffalo-robe and on her way to make a totally unexpected call on Farmer Joy, his good wife, and pretty daughter.

"Here they are! here they are!" joyfully cried the pretty daughter as the sleigh stopped at the gate, and running to the door, she called out cheerily, "Happy New Year!" while her mother smiled the wish over her shoulder.

"Happy New Year, Aunt Hannah and Cousin Dora!" shouted the boys in answering chorus.

"And we've brought you a caller we picked up on the road," added Sherry, laughing outright in his joy as he peeped into the buffalo robe and saw that Sabie had unclosed her eyes and wasn't anything like frozen to death after all.

And then he lifted her out, and with Ned Morningstar bearing part of the buffalo-robe, as pages in olden times used to carry the trains of the great ladies, he staggered up the path and up the stoop and placed his astonished burden before his equally astonished aunt and cousin.

"I couldn't git 'em—I couldn't git 'em," were the first words Sabie said.

"Couldn't get what, dear?" asked kind Aunt Hannah, as she placed her on the dining-room sofa and pulled off the old shoes to rub the icy feet.

Sabie was unable to tell just then; she was so full of tingling aches and pains, and her head buzzed so strangely.

But two hours later, when warm from head to foot, and dressed in some comfortable garments that the pretty daughter had outgrown, and after a dinner, the like of which she had never even dreamed of, she told her simple story.

And when it came to an end, Sherry went out into the hall, making a sign to his comrades to follow, which they did immediately, for they were all true to the "General," as they called him.

"I say, boys," said he, "let's make up a good New Year's present for her—she hadn't any Christmas, poor little thing—and take her home. We can make a New Year's call on Tony and Granny at the same time, and be back plenty early enough for Cousin Dora's party, too."

"All right, General," chimed in Ned Morningstar: "and we'll get Aunt Hannah to give us a jar of her preserved strawberries, and they'll bring the young chap around; that is, if strawberries can do that same. They aren't wild, but I'm wild after them."

"I'm with you," said Austin Hovel. "She's a real good sort, she is. Why, one of *our* sisters couldn't have done more for us."

"Mine wouldn't do half as much for me," declared Sherry. "Why, it was only this morning she refused point-blank to bake more than fifteen buckwheats for me because I was late at breakfast."

"A most unsisterly, not to say shameful, proceeding," said Ned Morningstar, with mock indignation. "But come, we must straight to our aunt and cousin our plans unfold. *Tempus fugit.*"

You may be sure Aunt Hannah and Cousin Dora heartily approved of the plans when they were unfolded. And they showed their approbation by packing into a bushel basket—an honest and true bushel basket—as their share of the New Year gifts, a loaf of home-made bread, half a boiled ham, a roast chicken, a bowl of butter, a tin pail of fresh eggs, a paper bag filled with doughnuts, and some potatoes, onions, turnips, tea and sugar, not forgetting *two* jars of preserved strawberries.

And Matt, the hired man, brought out the two-horse sleigh, and putting the heavy basket in first, got in himself, took the reins and waited for the others. Sabie, wrapped in a blanket, which she was to keep, was placed in the bottom of the sleigh beside the basket.

"She'll be warmer there than anywhere else," said Aunt Hannah.

Then the boys tumbled in, and the horses pranced, and the bells jingled, and away they went, to stop, in just one hour and three-quarters, in front of the tall tenement-house, the cellar-basement of which Sabie called "home."

And didn't the turn-out cause a great excitement among the people in that neighborhood? Such a thing had never been seen there before, and the windows on each side of the block were filled with curious faces—faces that showed every stage of astonishment as Sabie was lifted from the sleigh and the six fine, manly looking boys followed her to call on Granny.

The old woman stopped singing, "How tedious and tasteless the hours!" and looked at them with a glimmer of surprise as they trooped in.

"Happy New Year, grandmother!" said they all; and Sherry laid a purse filled with silver half-dollars in her lap.

"Happy New Year, my brave lads," said she.

And Matt brought in the bushel basket, Sherry going out to mind the horses as he did so, and opened a jar of strawberries in the twinkling of an eye.

"They's not the werry same, Tony," said Sabie, eagerly, "but I got 'em near that place, I did. And oh, Tony, I got lots an' lots of other good things, too."

"Did you go 'way out there fur me, jist fur me?" asked Tony. "You's the bestest an' smartest sister ever wuz, an' I feel ever so much better this werry minnit. Happy New Year, Sabie!"

And the General and his company got back to Joy Farm just as the party began, and when the guests had all arrived.

Aunt Hannah told the story of Sabie's search for the strawberries, and the boys told about their visit to Tony and his grandmother, and the result was at least thirty more good friends for the family in the cellar-basement.

And in consequence of that result the cellar-basement was "to let" in a few weeks, and Sabie, Tony and Granny were living in a comfortable four-roomed cottage only a stone's-throw from Farmer Joy's farm-house.

And there they are living still. And when Sabie reads this story, as she is sure to do, she'll wonder how I came to know all about those two totally unexpected New Year's calls.—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Young People.*

—Dress, says a contemporaneous philosopher, is but the outward and visible sign of character, and when all ladies become wise they will dress according to common sense; that is, each will adopt the style of costume and colors best suited to her face, figure and position in life.

—Two hundred and fifty leeches escaped from a jar in a Portland (Ore.) drug store and crawled into a neighboring piano wareroom, where they were all captured after a search lasting twenty-four hours.

Statesmanship Not Sectional.

The Republican party leaders are now pretending to be felicitating themselves on the selection of Mr. Carlisle for the Speakership of the House. They base their pretended hopes first upon the fact that the Speaker comes from the South, and second that he represents tariff reform. The Republican party, while it is wicked and corrupt, is not an assemblage of fools, and, while there may be, and doubtless are, many foolish and stupid men who put themselves forward as leaders, the mass of voters in all sections of the country are tolerably sensible people. They know, if the leaders do not, that the selection of Mr. Carlisle for Speaker is judicious, and secures public confidence. The Republican leaders are anxious to open the campaign with the sectional cry of the "bloody-shirt," and push it on by affrighting the country with the notion that tariff reform means the destruction of American labor. In the first place, the Solid South has nothing to do with the success of Mr. Carlisle; for he was not chosen because he came from the South, but because he best represents the living principles and issues of the Democratic party. He represents all that the Democracy has been struggling for since the war—the right of the people to conduct their domestic affairs, and to enjoy the fruits of their labor free from the officious intermeddling of political adventurers, and the more odious tyranny of moneyed rings and giant monopolies. The more sensible mass of Republican voters who are as much interested in good government as our Democratic brethren, know that the accident of birth or residence cuts no figure in calculations which have to do with the material interests of the country, and know also that wise and patriotic statesmanship is just as likely to come from a man born south of Mason and Dixon's line as one north of it, and that it is not the locality which makes the statesman, but the quality of mind and the traits of character which he possesses. Regarded in this light no man has appeared in our National councils in many years who is the superior of the one whom the Democratic party has chosen as its legislative leader. Can the geographical distinction so affect the mind of a statesman as to condition his patriotism by the character of his surroundings, or would the man whose shining talents and sterling qualities, as vouched for by friend and foe alike, and whose exalted views of public affairs are the theme of general admiration, temper his zeal for the public good and consider his duty to the Nation only in so far as it might advance sectional interest? Does any sensible man believe this, or can any partisan prejudice sufficiently blind the average judgment to accept such a conclusion? There is nothing in Mr. Carlisle's history as a public man, or his utterances anywhere, to lead to any belief but that his elevation to a great and responsible position will be accepted as a sacred trust—to do all that may be in his power for the advancement of National interests and the good of the people with whom his interests are identified. Republican leaders may seek to deny all this in the natural desire to prevent themselves from being overcome by the wiser lessons of statesmanship, which it may be Mr. Carlisle's happy privilege to teach, but the masses who will be able by and by to read and judge for themselves, will not be easily misled into a belief which will do them injustice.

The South is no more become the ruling dominating power in Democratic politics because of Mr. Carlisle's election than it would have been had either Mr. Randall or Mr. Cox been chosen. All are Democrats and all strove as earnestly for the support of Southern votes as Mr. Carlisle did, and his selection means simply a combination of circumstances common to politics and fully illustrated in all political history.

But the Republicans will insist that the selection means predominant Southern influence in our politics, as if that section were alien to the common interests of the Nation, and as if there was something dreadful to be apprehended if Southern men and Southern views came to be recognized in the theater of National contest. Have the Southern States no voice in our National affairs, or shall that great section relinquish its right to be heard because its people differ with those of the North in their political views? It is not that any political rights are denied them, but because that section is Democratic rather than Republican from causes which are well understood by all thinking people, that the objection comes, and the bugbear of a solid South with its meaningless twaddle is constantly dragged in to do campaign duty. The Democratic party has its strength in the South, there is no denying this, but it is from no lack of attention on the part of the Republican managers that it is so, but rather from their failure to make it otherwise. They would not object to Southern votes, nor Southern States if they could have them; it is because the South will not be bought or driven to Republican principles, so called, that the South becomes an object of painful solicitude to Republican hopes. All this the voters of the North understand, and they also understand that Mr. Carlisle's selection means a very great and important change in Democratic politics, viz: that the day of temporizing and fooling with living and vital issues is past, and that hereafter the Democratic flag will represent something and mean something. The day of hiding and shirking behind imaginary dangers is over, and henceforth the Democratic party will appeal to the whole country, East, West, North and South, for support and give a reason for the faith which is in them. Right methods have at last triumphed. The party has, by the election of Mr. Carlisle, put time serving and cowardly fears away from them and assumed an attitude which the country can clearly understand. Upon the simple but comprehensive issue of tariff reform the country will be appealed to for party support, and hand in hand with the promise of good government which it is abundantly able to guarantee, will go the other pledge of deliverance from grasping monopolies and tariff oppressions, not danger to American labor, but justice to all in the widest, freest, best sense of the term. With a strict regard for the rights of labor, judged not by the clamor of fattening monopolies, but based in a sense of common justice to all alike, with honest toil justly recompensed for its efforts and the blessings of her Government extended to every section and to every man, the Democratic party can face its enemies and win a glorious victory. This is the meaning of Carlisle's election, and the country fully understands it.—*American Register.*

—A railroad running south from Philadelphia has adopted the 24-o'clock standard of time. A train on this line leaves Philadelphia at 17:55 o'clock and arrives at Baltimore at 20:45 o'clock.—*Philadelphia Press*

The "Solid South" Lie.

The charge that Mr. Carlisle's election to the Speakership was due entirely to the effort of a "Solid South" and the proper handling of the "sectional issue," is as unsupported by fact, as it lacks even decent ingenuity of malice. No man in the history of Congress ever received a more honest or a more National election to the Speakership. So far as a "Solid South" is concerned, the expressions of public opinion as evidenced in the brilliant Kentuckian's election has done more to lay the "sectional issue," which contemptible politicians have kept alive on the stump for selfish purposes, on the shelf than anything that has happened since the close of the civil war. It has absolutely deprived the cry of all possible consistency even for the basest political motives.

Let us look at the figures, however, in order that all may understand the truth of our statements and the contemptible characters of those which the originators of this charge make. Mr. Carlisle received as many votes from the Northern States as Mr. Randall did, and twice as many as Mr. Cox, the former two receiving thirty-two each. Mr. Carlisle received votes from twenty-four States, from every geographical standpoint, while all of Mr. Randall's votes came from sixteen States, and then but two from the great States of the West. In fact, had Mr. Carlisle not been supported by the votes of Eastern, Middle, Western and Pacific States he would have fallen many votes short of an election. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Carlisle was a National candidate, elected because he was the embodiment of a tariff reform which the necessities of *every* section demand. As the Boston *Herald*, an independent paper, says: "The South is no more interested in getting cheaper tools and farming utensils, blankets and clothing, iron and steel, glass and crockery, than the manufacturers of the North are in obtaining cheaper raw materials, or than our ship builders and merchants are in a restoration of their lost commerce. Mr. Carlisle, a Kentuckian, holds substantially the same views on the tariff question as those advanced by Mr. Cox, a New Yorker, Mr. Holman, an Indianian, and Mr. Morse, of our own State. Revenue reform is not a sectional question and cannot be made so. It is a question affecting the welfare of the people everywhere, who are taxed unnecessarily to the extent of more than $100,000,000, under the tariff that was increased thirty per cent. to meet the cost of the war."

On the other hand, Mr. Randall, the most pronounced protectionist in the Democratic party, himself received twenty votes from the so-called "Solid South." It was not a section of the country that conspired against him, but his own false position on a question that threatened the welfare of 50,000,000 of people lost him the Speakership. This is shown by the fact that, despite his splendid record as a former Speaker of Congress, despite his firmness in reducing the expenditures at a time when it was found necessary, and despite his honorable services to his party at all times, every section of the entire country, as represented by the Congressmen-elect, saw the necessity of leaving these things out of their calculations and doing what was plainly their duty. There was nothing sectional about Mr. Carlisle's selection nor will there be anything sectional about the Democratic reforms which he will institute. He "was chosen in spite of his Southern residence, rather than by reason of it," as the Boston *Herald* says. His election was a triumph for Democratic principles wherever the Democratic party exists. The "Solid South" charge is a lie, and those bringing it forward know it to be so.—*New Haven Register.*

Solid but not Sectional.

"The South is no longer only solid; it is dominant—in the Democratic party, at least." Such is the asinine remark of the New York *Tribune*, and the sentiment will echo along the line of the small-fry Republican newspapers throughout the country. All this because of the election to the Speakership of a man from Kentucky and to the Clerkship of a man from Missouri.

This absurd idea is limited to the narrowest, most uninfluential faction of the Republican party. Republicans whose common sense is not only "solid" but "dominant"—men of honesty and candor—do not reason in this unreasonable way. They feel that no party capital is to be made on such false and flimsy pretexts, but that the situation, while perilous to Republican success, involves no menace to the peace of the country or the stability of its business interests.

A Republican member of Congress, conversing with a correspondent of the New York *Times* in relation to the election of Mr. Carlisle, makes use of the following language:

> He is honest, frank and earnest. He is just as much concerned to take care of the business interests of the country as anybody I know. Then he knows that there is a prejudice against Southern men, and a belief that no man from the South is fit to be entrusted with power. He will make an effort to disappoint everybody who holds that belief, and I am afraid he will succeed. Should he do so there will be an end of sectionalism, a solidification not of the South or of the North, but of the Nation.

This opinion discloses the real and only cause of Republican alarm. It is not that they fear the effect of a Democratic majority in Congress upon the public welfare, but the fatal consequences to the grand old party, which that majority threatens.

Should its legislation be wise, efficient, remedial where remedies of existing grievances are needed, reformatory where existing abuses call for reform, and uniformly honest, thorough and patriotic, as we have every reason to believe it will be, then, indeed, as the Republican Representative truly says, will there supervene "an end of sectionalism" and a "solidification of the Nation."

Such is the apprehension that "hurts" the *Tribune* and its following—only this and nothing more.—*Washington Post.*

—The latest mining sensation is the discovery of a diamond the size of a bean in a mining claim near Helena, M. T. The finder was ignorant of its value, and was going to have it set in a pin as a curious stone, and was much surprised on being told by a jeweler, who offered him forty-five dollars for it, that it was a diamond. On learning what it was he refused three hundred dollars for it, and claims to have plenty more like it in his diggings.—*Salt Lake Special.*

—Mrs. Dorcas Chapin, widow of Chester W. Chapin, has signified her desire to endow a hospital for Springfield, Mass., with $25,000. It is her desire that only a part of the fund be used for the erection of plain and economical hospital buildings, and that the rest be reserved as an endowment, and a nucleus for future gifts and bequests by the charitably disposed.—*Boston Post.*

Tale of a Turnkey.

"To look at my gray hair," said jolly Jake Graff, the big-hearted head turnkey at the county jail to a *Commercial* reporter, "you wouldn't think that I was only forty-five years of age, would you?" The reporter admitted that he looked much older, and that almost anybody would take him to be at least three score and ten.

"Well, I'll tell you the cause of these gray hairs," continued the good-natured turnkey, as he handed a whole plug of tobacco through the bars to a prisoner who had timidly asked him for a chew. "It happened just seventeen years ago to-morrow, when I was a machinist. I was sent down to Mississippi County, Arkansas, by Ainslie, Cochran & Co. to put up some machinery. Between the river and where I was stopping was a distance of about twenty miles, and it was pretty much swamp land all the way. One time I went over to the river to take a boat bound for Memphis, but when I got to the landing I found that the boat had already passed. It was late at night, and as no other boat would be along until the next day, I concluded to walk back about three miles and put up until daylight at a farm-house. The night was pitch dark, and on the way back I got off the road, and the first thing I knew I was in a swamp up to my waist. I got turned completely around, and the more I waded around the worse off I got. While I was wading around I suddenly heard something splashing around in the water about 200 feet from me, and it seemed to be drawing nearer to me all the time. I listened, and sure enough, there was something approaching, and I could not imagine what it was. I called "Who comes there?" but there was no answer, and then I began to get scared, for I knew there were lots of bears in that part of the country. I had my pistols out, one in each hand, and a bowie-knife between my teeth. When the thing got within thirty feet of me it stopped, floundering around in the water awhile, and then it went back a few feet, but only for a few minutes, for it came toward me again, coming just about as close as it did at first. I then saw that it was a great big black bear, and that it was trying to get at me, but it was afraid it might strike deep water. It sat right down on its haunches and there it stayed. I was afraid to shoot at it for fear of only wounding it, which would have made it so mad that it would have taken the chances of drowning to get at me. So there I stood in that one spot, in water up to my waist, for three hours and a half, until some people living about a mile off came to my rescue. I tell you I was glad to get out alive, but the next day when I looked in the glass I found that my black hair was streaked with gray."

"That's a pretty tough story, Jacob," remarked the reporter.

"Yes, you can bet it's true, every word of it," replied the fat turnkey.

"It may be; but if the night was so frightfully dark how could you distinguish a bear at so great a distance?"

"Why, I happened to have some matches and a piece of candle with me, and when the bear came back the second time and sat down in the water, I lit the candle. And it was the candle that saved my life, for it burned long enough to attract the attention of the people I spoke of, and it was just about to flicker out when they came up and shot the bear."—*Louisville Commercial.*

What are Cyclones?

The case of Joseph Baker vs. the Rockford Insurance Company, of Rockford, Ill., which has been on trial in the United States Circuit Court here, has been decided by the jury bringing in a verdict for the defendant. The case is one of unusual interest, not so much from the money involved as the question at issue. The facts were that Sunday, April 18, 1881, a cyclone swept over the western part of this county, destroying, among much other property, the house of Mr. Joseph Baker, on which he had a fire and lightning policy in the Rockford Fire Insurance Company for $1,000. Mr. Baker brought suit against the company to recover his insurance, alleging that cyclones are electric or lightning storms, and that the destruction of his house by a cyclone was a destruction by lightning, against which the company had insured him. This raised not only a very nice legal, but a delicate and much-disputed scientific question, and it was found necessary to take the testimony and deposition of several persons well known in scientific circles to place the question properly before the jury. For the plaintiff the deposition of the late Prof. John Tice was taken. He inclined very strongly to the electric theory, as did also Mr. Llewelyn, of Mexico. For the defense the testimony and depositions of Col. C. Shaler Smith, Prof. Francis G. Nipher, of Washington University, St. Louis, and Prof. James C. Watson, of Washburn Observatory, Madison, Wis., were introduced; also the report of John P. Finley, of the United States Signal Service, detailed by the Government to investigate cyclones, and who has taken observations of between 600 and 700 tornadoes. The defense admitted that more or less electricity prevails in storms. The court instructed the jury that if they found electricity the predominant and controlling force in a cyclone or tornado they were to find for the plaintiff. After being out about three hours they returned a verdict for the defendant.—*Jefferson City (Mo.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

—A peculiar disease known as "milk poison" has for some years past existed in the section north of Hartsville, Tenn., from the Millstone knobs to the foot of the ridge, embracing a territory of several thousand acres. The cause of the disease is evidently a weed, and exactly what it is the most able scientist has failed to discover. Cows eat the weed, become milk-poisoned, thereby transmitting the disease to the human race. The symptoms of the mysterious disease are continual thirst, great irritability of the stomach, prostration of the vital powers, coldness of the feet, and constipation of the bowels.—*Chicago Times.*

—Swiss railway companies have hit upon a very efficient method of attracting attention to their trains by covering a portion of their carriages with a phosphorescent application which renders them visible in the darkest nights. This might prove a valuable suggestion in this country, where trains run at all hours through unprotected streets.

—Poetry is the flour of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes and meat; satire is the aqua-fortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love letters are the honey and sugar; and letters containing remittances are the apple-dumplings.—*Detroit Post.*

—One of the curiosities of old Muckrose Abbey, near Killarney, Ireland, is one of the finest yew trees in Europe, planted by the monks some 500 years ago. In some places the ivy has grown entirely through the abbey wall.

An Arctic Mummy.

It having been hinted that Louis Sloss, Secretary of the Alaska Commercial Company, was in possession of one of the curious specimens brought down from Alaska by Prof. Jacobsen, of the Royal Museum of Berlin, who made a valuable collection of interesting objects while prosecuting his archæological researches in that region recently, a *Chronicle* reporter called on Mr. Sloss yesterday and was shown the specimen. It is kept under lock and key, not yet being prepared and mounted for scrutiny. The object proved to be a mummy, claimed by Prof. Jacobsen, as well as other scientific gentlemen, to be at least five hundred years old. It was found on Green Island, a few miles north of Kodiak. Although perfectly preserved and so singularly grotesque as to transfix the beholder with wonder, its value lies almost entirely in the great scientific interest attached to it as a relic of ancient life in that comparatively unknown region. The specimen is a male, about five feet six inches in height, and bearing a close resemblance to a Japanese. Though the flesh is desiccated and the dried to the bones in some parts of the body, the outline is very generally preserved. The face has a look of despair and anguish depicted on it and the teeth are protruded. One hand is clasped upon the heart and the lower limbs are curled up in a peculiar manner.

Capt. Melville C. Erskine, who has sailed the Arctic seas for the past eighteen years, being interviewed on the subject, remarked:

"I never saw such a fellow in my life as that Jacobsen. He is a most thorough worker in the interest of science, and would leave no stone unturned while conducting his researches."

"Where is the professor now?" was asked.

"On his way to Berlin, with six specimens of mumies and lots of other stuff that he found in different places."

"In what condition did he find these mumies?" queried the reporter.

"O, in all shapes," said the captain. "Some in baskets, some in straw matting and others in furs and skins."

"How were they preserved?"

"They were found in caves, you know, and these seemed to possess a remarkable power of preservation, as yet not fully understood. But there they were kept, in an almost perfect state, for long centuries."

"Do you think they are so very ancient?" was next asked.

"I consider them prehistoric relics of a people whose traditions antedate those of the present generation by hundreds of years, and I'll tell you why. Within sixty years only Christian burial has been practiced by the natives. Before that time the bodies of men were disjoined and burned, and those of women were cast into the sea. No such trouble as embalming was gone to by these people then, I assure. The race preceding them was no doubt a superior one, and no traditions now exists concerning them."

"Do any of the Aleutin group afford such specimens?"

"I have heard that such was the case. Captain Henning secured a few scraggy pieces of human remains from the island of Four Mountains, which were sent to Europe ten years ago. But these and the Jocobsen collection are the only ones discovered thus far, and the latter, in fact, may be said to contain the only perfect specimens."

Captain Erskine went on to say that the Aleutian Islands had never been properly surveyed, rendering navigation difficult and dangerous. Few travelers, therefore, visit the smaller islands and whalers never touch except at Buralacka, and that rarely. A thorough research in this region would certainly prove of vast interest to the scientific world, and this should be made, and probably will be before long.

A sustaining argument advanced by a scientific gentleman in regard to the theory of these mummies being of a prehistoric race was the fact that they were found on the older islands. There was no doubt of the fact that many of the Aleutian chain were of comparatively recent volcanic origin, and the mummies were taken from the old islands near the mainland.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Fence-Cutters.

One of the principal members of the "Javelins," an organization that has recently made its appearance in Southwest Texas, has revealed some of the motives actuating the fence-cutting in a struggle that is shaking Texas to the center. Said he: "We are like minnows in a pool of hungry trout. Some big stockmen buys all the land around on all sides, his cattle graze on our lands and ours on his. When he makes his 'rounding' our cattle are driven off to some distant point on his large ranche with his. Our calves are separated from their mothers, and in the confusion are branded with his brand, and are driven off with his cattle."

"But if the land was not inclosed wouldn't this same thing happen?"

"No, not to the same extent it does now. When the range was free everybody's cattle ran at large, and no one thought of 'rounding up' and driving off every cow in sight."

"Don't you think if a man owns land he has a right to fence it if he wants to?"

"No, sir, no man has a right to fence you up or inclose the grass and water. He didn't plant the grass or have anything to do with making it grow. Neither did he create the springs or rivers. God made them free, and before these land-sharks and cattle-kings put fences around them they were free. The grass is just as good and will fatten his cattle just as fast without a fence around it as within."

"But what is the use of owning land if you can't do as you please with it?"

"You can do as you please with it. If you want to cultivate it put up your fence, plow up your land, and plant it. We won't bother you. What you work for and plant is yours, but grass is free, and no man has a right to claim what does not belong to him."

"Haven't the pasture-men offered to do almost anything you ask?"

"Yes, they offer us everything, but what we want and are going to have is a free range. We are determined to have our rights, and if it causes bloodshed we can't help it. We must and will have a free range. There are not enough men in the regular army of the United States to guard the lines of wire pasture-fences in Texas."—*Galveston (Tex.) Special.*

—Mr. Wyman, the Baltimore millionaire who died recently, left nothing but disjointed memoranda for a will. His wife, who had died some time before, had three proteges, unmarried ladies, whom she wished Mr. Wyman at his death to provide for. To two he gave $60,000 each. The other one had boxed his ears for trying to kiss her, so he only left her $40,000.—*Baltimore Sun.*